Ah me 'twas an Emblem of Love.

the Poetry by MISS REEVE

THE Music Composed BY

Mrs O'MORAN.

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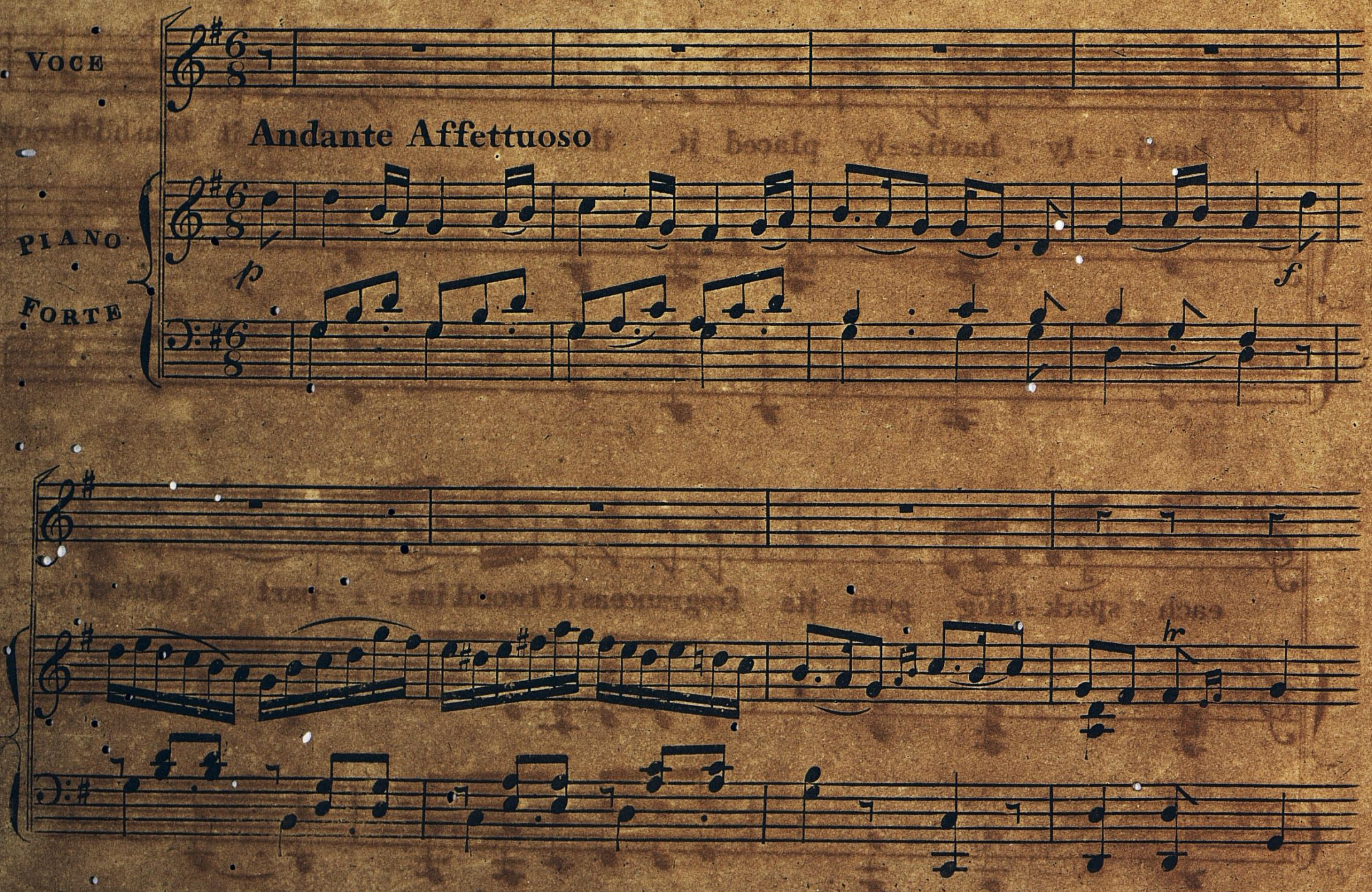
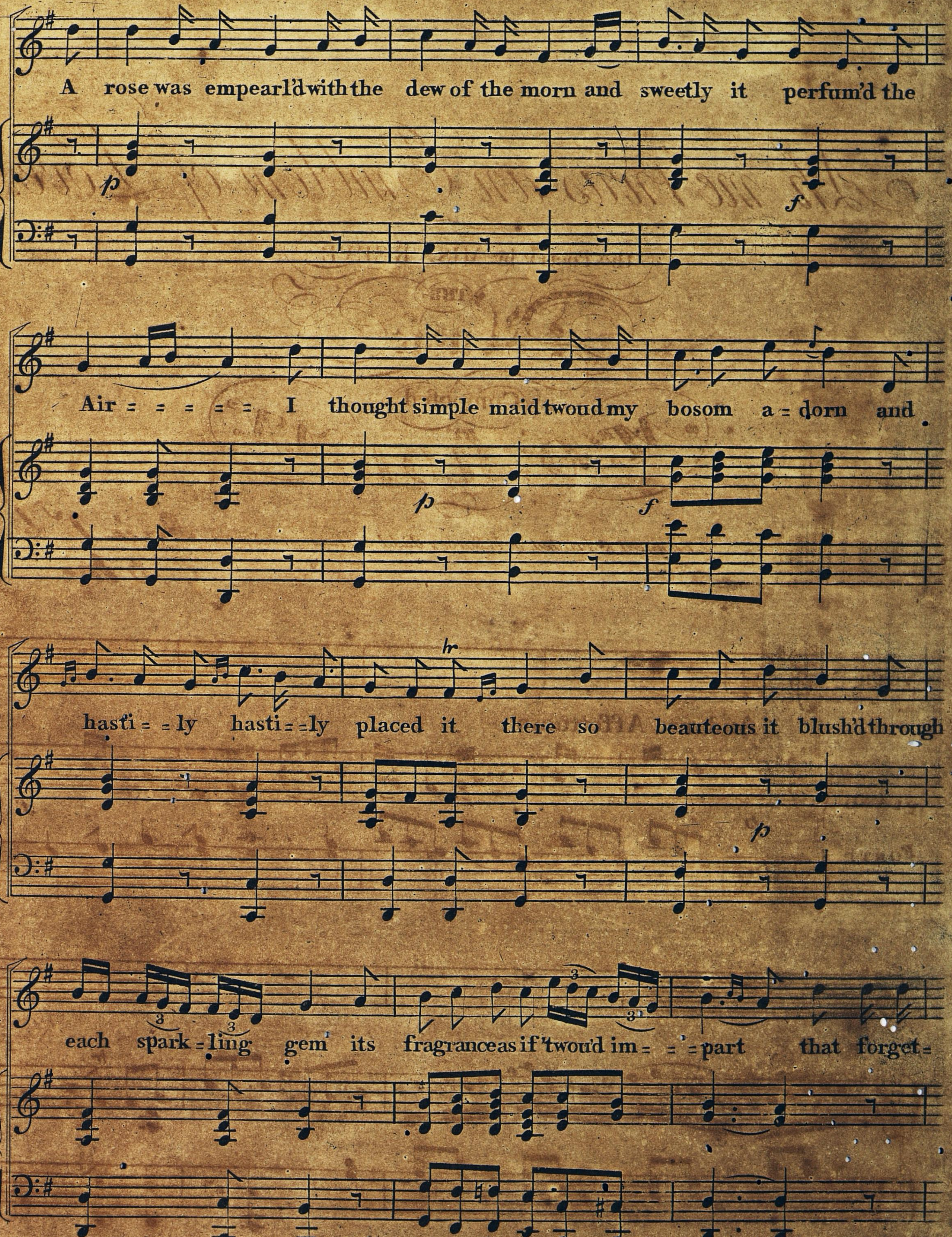
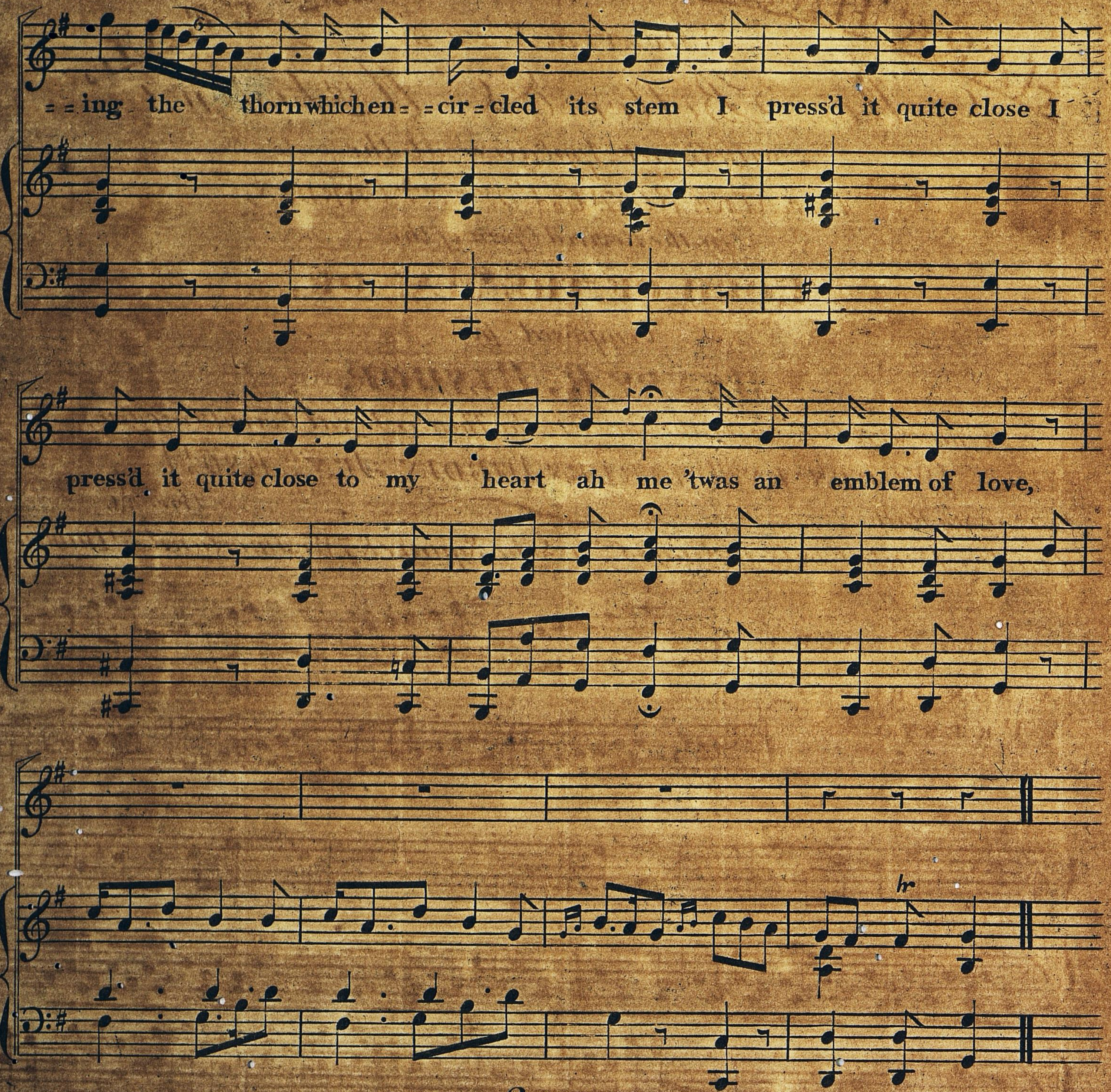
G O M




A rose was empearl'd with the dew of the morn and sweetly it perfum'd the
Air = = = = = I thought simple maid twoud my bosom a = dorn and
hasti = = ly hasti = = ly placed it there so beauteous it blush'd through
each spark = ling gem its fragranceas if 'twoud im = = part that forget =



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Whilst pleas'd with a smile, my prize I survey'd,
Unguarded my bosom was torn;
And quickly I found, by its beauties betray'd,
In my bosom I'd buried a thorn.
Indignant I tore the sweet cause of my wound,
And scatter'd it forth to the wind;
But a tear gem'd each leaf, as it fell to the ground,
The Thorn was alas left behind.
Ah me 'twas an emblem of love!